

THE WATCHWORD OF THE WILL.

Now, when the race is just begun,
With all its warmth and zest,
And twice the needful gifts and powers
Are trembling in your breast,
While Fortune beckons just before,
While Hope is in the van,
Resolved with all your strength and soul
To do the best you can!

The best you can! The time will come
When that will seem too small—
Ambition scarcely worth the pains,
So grievous is its fall:
To pick the scattered fragments up?
Accept the altered plan?
Almost needs a hero's heart
To do the best you can!

Dangers and downfalls lie in store
For every soul alive,
And life, in truth, is not a case
Of three and two are five.
But trust me, he, and only he,
Is wiser than the rest,
Who puts his shoulder to the wheel
And simply does his best.

Some chance is always left at hand,
If not the chance we sought,
And none can tell what good may fall
From the least deed or thought.
Then take the troubles as they come,
Accept you like a man,
Accept your part with all your heart,
And do the best you can!

—Dora Read Goodale, in Independent.

AN EPISODE OF THE SEASON.

"We met by chance," sauntering
over the sands at the seashore, at a
sudden turn round a cliff, we ran
plump against each other. The gen-
tleman, not at all discomposed, lifted
his hat and apologized. I, with my
breath nearly knocked out of me,
conscious of looking flushed and
awkward, hurried away.

I was 17 and susceptible. It was
mortifying to be presented for the
first time to the notice of so elegant
a gentleman under such awkward
circumstances. Involuntarily I
looked back.

He stood just as I had passed him,
looking after me. Sufficiently vexed
to shake myself, I hurried on.

As I came back an hour later, the
sands were dotted with loungers, but
I saw nowhere the stranger.

At dinner I contrived to have a
look at every face that came in, but
I did not find the face I was looking
for. I had made my toilet with es-
pecial reference to correcting any
unfavorable impression of the morn-
ing. Elegant strangers do not fall
in one's way every morning of the
year. If my bonnet had only not
slipped over my eyes in that ridi-
culous fashion, and it would not, if I
had been taking the lady-like pace
to which my sister Mabel so con-
stantly exhorted me, Mabel had
made a good match, and she was
quite determined I should do the
same.

Mabel was very handsome and sty-
lish looking. Her face had been her
fortune. I don't think I was plain,
and I tried to be stylish to please
Mabel, but I hated it. I had a little
fortune, too, besides my face.

Mabel and I were only half sisters,
with the same father. My mother
had left me some diamonds, and
other handsome jewelry, besides a lit-
tle money, enough to marry me well.
Mabel said, and she had taken me in
hand for that purpose, as soon as she
was married herself.

I was too romantic to like the idea
of marrying in so practical a fashion.
I would not stay in the parlors
this evening. Having once made
their circuit I stole away just as they
were beginning to dance.

I went to my room soon. I heard
my sister's step in the passage, and
I slipped through the window to the
plazza, which was at this hour usu-
ally deserted.

I had left the key on the outside of
my door, so that Mabel came right
in. Fortunately she did not look
upon the plazza, but anathematizing
me as a "careless creature," I heard
her go out and lock my door, taking
the key with her.

I was laughing softly to myself,
when an oddly familiar voice close
beside me said:

"Good evening."

I whirled with a start, to behold
my acquaintance of the morning,
standing in an attitude of almost
mock humility before me.

"He is laughing at my vanity," I
thought. "He is certainly very pre-
suming to address me without being
introduced."

I wished to return to my room, but
the window-sill being rather more
than one good step above the plazza
floor, such a proceeding would have
involved a sacrifice of dignity that I
was not prepared, under all the cir-
cumstances, to undergo. So I stood
still.

"I am afraid I intrude," said my
companion, and when I lifted my
eyes to his face, his mine fell
under the smiling audacity of the
other's.

It was necessary I should say
something. What should it be?
"I believe the plazza is not private
property," I said superbly.

I knew he was laughing at me and
at that instant I remembered some-
thing of Mabel's despairing comments
concerning me that very morning.

"I believe not," was the response,
and my companion, with a grave in-
clination turned and slowly left the
plazza.

I climbed back into my own room,
ready to cry with vexation. How I
wished I had stayed in the parlor
and made the acquaintance of this
elegant look stranger in a legitimate
manner. Of course he would have
sought an introduction to me. I
dared not go down now.

Presently Mabel returned; I hoped
to make me go back to the parlors.
Under her triumphant convey, I
thought I could survive the ordeal
and I was rather anxious to try.

Mabel had a headache, however,
and had come away from the parlors
for the evening. She scolded me
some, but said nothing about my
going back. Instead, she subsided
into a gasping strain, afterward re-
proving me sharply for being so care-
less with my diamonds, which lay as
I had tossed them upon my toilet
table.

"The hotel is full of thieves," she
said, emphatically. "Half these gen-
tlemen we see here live by just such

chances as your diamonds. You
must let me take them, Bessy, and
keep them for you."

For reply I silently returned the
jewels to their cases, put that in my
trunk, and locked it.

Mabel shrugged her shoulders, but
she said no more.

I was a careless creature, as Mabel
said. In proof thereof I retired that
night and left my door unlocked and
my key in my trunk. I waked some-
times in the middle of the night and
saw, by the dim light, a form kneel-
ing beside my trunk, and in the act
of unlocking it. I had some ado to
keep myself from screaming. I had
a vague idea, however, that such a
proceeding would call to life a pistol
or a knife. There would be plenty
of time for this cool intruder to se-
cure my diamonds of whose locality
he seemed well aware, and to make
off with them before hindrance could
come.

Cool intruder, I say, for he was by
no means noiseless in his operations.
I think it must have been the noise
he made in opening the door which
waked me, and he fumbled at the
lock of my trunk in a perfectly audi-
ble manner. He seemed to have
some difficulty in getting the trunk
open.

Imagine my dismay, when seem-
ingly getting out of patience at last,
he rose to his feet and gave the lid
a resounding kick, that caused the
refractory spring to loose its grip
and expose my treasures to his hand.

Now, I was very much attached to
my diamonds. I could not lie coolly
and see them depart without making
an effort in their behalf.

However, I was just about to speak,
just about to make a wild appeal to
the wretch's generosity, when he,
having groped hither and thither
through the trunk in the most as-
tounding manner, muttering to him-
self some curious expletives, sudden-
ly reached the burner and turned
up the gas.

The blaze showed me the face of
my encounterer of the morning; it
showed him—me!

I don't know which was most con-
founded. He swept the room with
dancing eyes, and vacated it very
abruptly indeed, but I could hear
him softly laughing in the passage,
or I fancied so, probably at the
ridiculous figure I must have been,
as I sat up in bed, my face like ashes
with fright, and my head bristling
like a porcupine's back.

I got up presently, and locked my
door, and saw that my diamonds were
safe. Then I lay down again, but
not to sleep any more.

So this was the end of my romance.
Mabel had said the hotel was full of
thieves, and I had only a most un-
looked for chance to thank for hav-
ing saved my diamonds.

Such an elegant man, so hand-
some; ah, me! In the few hours
sleep that finally came to me, I
dreamed that I was promenading the
beach with my midnight visitor, and
that I had just discovered that I had
only a waterproof cloak over my
night-dress, and had forgotten to take
my hair out of its pins. I dreamed
that the stranger was making love to
me in that absurd rig. I was angry
enough with my dream when I waked.

I went down to breakfast in anything
but a pleasant humor.

The first face that met my eyes fell
upon was that of the stranger. Ridiculous? I should think so. I
believe I turned pale with surprise
at his effrontery. To dare to present
himself there, after last night's pro-
ceedings. He did not meet my
glance at first; his eyes were
dropped demurely to his plate, as
though he had seen my look coming,
and so chose to meet it, but I fancied
I could see that silken mustache
twitch slightly. He dared to laugh
at me still! I averted my eyes im-
mediately, and did not once look
toward him again.

Later in the day my sister and I
went for our bath, and while we were
in the water, Mabel confidently in-
formed me that just the match for
me had come at last.

"He arrived right before last, dear,
but I would not say a word till I was
perfectly satisfied as to his ante-
cedents and belongings," she said
eagerly. "He is rich, and from one
of the finest families, and can't bear
the sight of a fashionable woman;
so you are sure to suit him, if you
half try."

I said nothing and Mabel went on.
"You must have seen him at
breakfast. The handsomest man at
our table. He sat half way down,
and I saw him look at you several
times—a gentleman with curly hair,
and such funny eyes."

I turned my face towards my sister
with a start of recognition. "Oh,
you did see him, then?" and Mabel
laughed.

Then I told her of the night.
To my amazement Mabel began to
laugh as though she would go into
convulsions before I was half
through; and when I refused to go
on, she laughed the harder. We had
to quit the water, or she would have
drowned herself, I believe.

I never liked to be seen in my
bathing rig, and I was hurrying away
to my "house," when Mabel stopped
me.

"Bessy, Mr. Trevelyan; Mr. Tre-
velyan, my sister, Miss Winston;"
and there he was again.

"Will be back in a minute," I
heard Mabel say as she dragged me
away to dress, and still laughing so
as scarcely to be intelligible. She
made out to explain to me that Mr.
Trevelyan's room was next mine,
and that he had blundered into mine
by mistake the night before.

"He told me all about it before breakfast
this morning, but I never guessed it
was you. You see, Bessy, the rooms
on that floor are exactly alike, and
he said your trunk was as like his as
two pins, even to the spring lock, and
it stood on the same part of the room,
of course. There's only one corner
of the room a trunk could stand in,
in those rooms. Don't you dare to
let him know you thought he was a
thief, though; promise me you won't
tell him you thought he was after
your diamonds?"

"Indeed I shall. It is the only way
I can be even with him," I said, de-
cidedly, thinking of those eyes that
had laughed at me five times within
less than forty-eight hours.

Mr. Trevelyan walked to the hotel
with us, and Mabel frowned and
shook her head at me all the way.

I did not take my revenge then,
but I did in the evening; and though
he laughed, I could see that my shot
told.

Well, to make a long story short,
Mr. Trevelyan and I developed a
wonderful appreciation of each other's
society in a remarkably short
space of time. When people are in
the same house, and meeting as often
as is only natural in such a case, it
don't take long to develop that organ
of appreciativeness from ever so in-
cipient a state. Mr. Trevelyan,
greatly to my sister's exultation,
asked me to marry him before we
left the seaside; and as he made
some very pretty speeches about that
morning when he had nearly knocked
the breath out of me, showing that he
was prepared for the worse with the
better, I consented to take him on the
general basis.

Killed By Carrying Gold.

Mr. F. R. Carter, who is in the bi-
cycle and sewing machine business,
confirms the report that his wife,
Ellen Carter, is now the heir to
property worth about \$500,000.

Mrs. Carter is one of the seven
daughters of Mrs. Bridget Egan, who
died at Greensburg, Penn., about a
month ago. Mrs. Egan at the time
of her death was over ninety years of
age, and was in many ways a re-
markable woman. She belonged to
a good old Irish family. Early in
life she went to Pennsylvania with
her husband, and for fifty years she
lived in Greensburg. Her son, Frank
Egan, was sent to college, and while
pursuing his studies became ac-
quainted with James G. Blaine.

Young Egan studied law and settled
in San Antonio, Texas, when that
city was miles away from a railroad.
The young man was prosperous, and
soon owned a large amount of prop-
erty in the Texas city.

He was taken sick, and went home
and died. His mother assumed con-
trol of the property he left. She
went to San Antonio to look after
her interests, and disposed of a part
of the real estate. She received pay-
ment in gold for the property, and
the problem with her was to get the
gold home. She finally hit upon
the plan of putting the metal into
sacks, which were bound about her
chest. In this way she succeeded in
getting the money to her Pennsylv-
ania home, but the weight of the
metal upon her chest gave her heart
disease, with which she was always
troubled after making the journey.

Mrs. Egan paid the taxes on the
San Antonio property, and now that
she is gone, her daughters are heirs
to about twenty-five acres of land in
the Texas city. Besides this real
estate, the old lady left property in
Galveston, Texas; Washington,
Greensburg, Penn., and in Amherst,
Canada. She never said much about
her holdings, and it was not until a
short time before her death that the
members of her family knew that she
owned any property in Canada. To
all of Mr. Egan's daughters were
afforded excellent opportunities for
good education, and some of them
became expert linguists.

Man and Bear Both Scared.

"Yes, we have a great many inter-
esting experiences out in the Puget
Sound country," said the New Eng-
land man lately returned from the
State of Washington. "I saw a
big brown bear one day when I was
six miles from the nearest camp. He
was about fifty feet ahead of me on
the trail, and I was to leeward of him,
so I just went round him." "Why
didn't you shoot him?" "Well, peo-
ple that don't know the forest al-
ways ask that, even after I told
them I had only three shots left in
my revolver and no other gun along.
I should have been in a mess if I
had only wounded him, you see.

When he scented me I was a long
way off." "Didn't he run after
you?" "Oh, those brown bears are
as much afraid of a man as a man is
of them. Why, I knew a fellow who
was going across a stream on a fallen
tree once. The trunk of the big pine
was about five feet up from the
ground on his side of the stream, and
three feet on the bear's side. He
was picking his steps and didn't look
to the other side of the water, sixty
feet or so. When he got fairly up
onto the log there was the bear com-
ing. They were both so dead scared
they tumbled off into the water on
different sides of the log." "What
happened next?" "Nothing. They
both swam ashore on their own side
of the river, and put off through the
forest. I don't suppose there ever
was a man and a bear more surprised
or worse scared."

Remarkable Span of Life.

On a tombstone in Landoff Centre,
N. H., is the following inscription:
"Widow Susanna Brownson was born
August 8, 1699, and died June 12,
1802, aged 103 years." This is the
record of a life which took in parts of
the 17th and 18th centuries and the
whole of the 19th century. As the
average of human life is increasing in
modern days, it is probable that
some infants now living will continue
to live until the year 2,000 A. D.

They would then be not so old as
are a number of persons who have
died considerably exceeding a cen-
tury within recent years. It is likely
also that the number of centenarians
in proportion to population will be
much greater during the 20th cen-
tury than it has been in the 19th.

We frequently hear the span of hu-
man life spoken of as seventy years,
and if it goes to four score it means
labor, weakness and sorrow. But a
still older record in the Bible makes
one hundred and twenty years the
natural period of human life. To
that age Moses lived, and we are
told of him that "his eyes were not
dimmed nor his natural force abated."

Many who now die early
from contagious diseases have nat-
ural vitality which should insure an
advanced age, and will when medical
science learns how to control these
diseases and make them harmless.

The very playthings in Japan have
now a warlike character. The Japan
Mail says that even the game of
chess is transformed, the figures be-
ing painted clay images representing
Japanese and Chinese soldiers of
various ranks.

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